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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1838, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching to many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Court Martial at Fort.

There has been a general court martial at Fort Adams this week to hear two cases resulting from the shortage in the Post Exchange. There were three charges against Private William Kline, including felonious embezzlement and desertion. After the hearing of that case was completed, the case against Lieutenant Edgar H. Thompson was begun, the charge against him being conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. There were eleven specifications, but all had to do merely with lack of proper supervision of the Exchange. The findings of the court will be forwarded to Washington.

The merchants along Thames street, who have been making improvements to their stores this spring, are driving their workmen as rapidly as possible in order to get the work completed in time for the spring openings. The indications are that there will be a lavish display of spring goods in this city this year, as all the remodeled stores will want to make a good showing for their improvements. One of the showiest fronts will be that of the B. E. Downing store, which gives indication of presenting a very fine appearance when finished. In view of the fact that Easter is rapidly approaching, the store owners are beginning to think anxiously about the amount of time that will be consumed before they will be ready for increased business.

To meet the requests of many of our friends who note the Mercury Almanac this year, we have compiled a little folder containing the tide tables for the year 1911. These may be obtained at this office by any adult person who will call for them. We cannot undertake to give them to children, as the demand would soon exhaust the supply. Incidentally it may be remarked that there will certainly be a Mercury Almanac issued next year, only circumstances that arose at the last moment preventing its issue this year.

The Newport Yacht Club held its annual smoker at the club house on Swan avenue on Tuesday evening. The members turned out in large numbers to take a chance at the pipes and tobacco and to partake of the salads and fixings that were served. The entertainment program was rendered by a company imported from Boston for the purpose.

Past Eminent Commander Clark Burdick of Washington Commandery, who was in command at the time of the pilgrimage to Albany last fall, entertained the members and lady guests of that occasion at dinner at the New Cliffs last week. The affair was a most enjoyable one.

Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth of New York was the speaker at the dinner of the Channing Club on Monday evening, his subject being "Scientific Management." There was a good attendance and his talk was of an interesting nature.

The New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet in seventy-first annual conference at South Manchester, Conn., next week. The sessions will begin on Wednesday next.

Mr. Joseph S. Eddy, formerly of this city, died at his home in Providence on Thursday in his 84th year. He was a member of the Newport police force for a number of years, and one son, Mr. George A. Eddy, still resides here.

Dr. Charles A. Brackett shows considerable improvement in his condition and his friends hope to see him around again soon. He has been suffering from pneumonia.

Large shipments of apprentices have been sent out from the Training Station in the past few days for distribution among the vessels of the Atlantic fleet.

The Jubilee Meetings.

The services that have been held in Newport on Monday and Tuesday in connection with the Women's Foreign Missions Jubilee have been very largely attended and have been very successful in every way. The exercises and addresses have been of a varied character, designed to appeal to all classes. The children were not overlooked by any means, the kindergarten talk for their benefit being one of the best of the series.

The Jubilee opened at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon with services at St. George's Church, the building being completely filled. The rector, Rev. George Vernon Dickey, conducted the service, and Canon Douglas of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine of New York gave a short address on the importance of pausing in the turmoil to consider the soul.

The lecture for the children, as at the First Presbyterian Church at 4.30, Dr. Sumner R. Vinton, dressed in business costume, spoke for about an hour on the mission schools of the Far East, particularly in Burma. There was an abundance of pictures, many of them showing the children of this far away land. Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout presided at the lecture and prayer was offered by Rev. W. L. Essex of Trinity Church.

The evening meeting was also at the Presbyterian Church, and the audience completely filled the large audience room. Dr. Sumner R. Vinton was the speaker, his topic being "Western Women in Eastern Lands." This lecture was also illustrated by moving pictures and lantern slides, the views being well selected and displayed. Dr. Vinton was dressed in Eastern costume, and the pictures were entirely depictions of scenes that he had witnessed, being taken by himself. He told of the need of missionary work in that country and showed the good that has already been accomplished. His address was very interesting and in conjunction with the pictures helped his hearers to form better ideas of the conditions that exist in the East.

Rev. Mr. Sprout conducted the religious service, prayer being offered by Rev. George W. Quick, D. D. Tuesday afternoon there were denominational rallies at several of the churches, the meetings in some cases being unions of several separate organizations. At these meetings a considerable amount of money was pledged for the mission fund.

Mrs. Ella Deane Menden of Constantinople was the speaker at the Parish House of the United Congregational Church, where the Channing Memorial, Friends and Second Baptist held their meeting. Mrs. Roland J. Easton presided, and Dr. Roderick Terry was one of the speakers. At the close of this session there was a social hour in the church.

Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery spoke at the First Methodist Church, and was followed by Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst, and Mrs. John Legg of Worcester, president of the New England Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Clarence Staphoppe presided, and all the Methodist Churches of the city and Island were united at the meeting.

Deaconess Phelps addressed the union meeting of the Episcopal Churches at Key Chapel, Mr. Stanley C. Hughes presiding. Dr. Mary Riggs Noble, for a number of years surgeon in the Memorial Hospital at Lodi, India, was the speaker at the Presbyterian Church, with a good attendance.

The supper at the Y. M. C. A. was a big affair but everything went off without a hitch, and all had plenty to eat. About 400 persons were served and in order to accommodate this large gathering it was necessary to lay tables in three rooms, the auditorium, banquet hall and class room. Mrs. Edward G. Brown had charge of the arrangements and had her plans so well laid that everything went off without a hitch. An excellent supper was served and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The closing service of the series was given at the new Colonial Theatre on Tuesday evening, in the form of a mass meeting and so large was the attendance that large buildings were taxed to its utmost capacity, so that some persons who desired to attend had to be turned away. The meeting was a powerful one and the addresses were all of a stirring nature, so that there can be little doubt but that it was productive of much good.

The speakers were seated on the large stage of the theatre, and behind them were the members of the executive committee of the jubilee services. In the rear of the stage was a large chorus of young ladies, who led the singing of the hymns. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown presided. After the singing of a hymn Rev. G. A. Hulbert offered prayer. Mrs. Ella Deane Menden was the first speaker, her address relating largely to conditions in Turkey. Dr. Mary Riggs Noble told of the work of the medical missionary in India,

and spoke of the work that is being done by the college to which she is attached. Women physicians are greatly needed in India, as the native women will not allow men to treat them. The hospitals of the East were described in an interesting way.

After another hymn, Deaconess Phelps was presented and spoke of the work in China, and among Chinese women. The last speaker was Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of Rochester, N. Y., who gave a stirring address on the customs of the Far East.

After reports from some of the denominational meetings of the afternoon, the jubilee hymn was sung and Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., pronounced the benediction.

Mrs. Bull's Will.

By the will of Mrs. William T. Bull, which was filed for probate in the town of Middletown on Monday, her son, James G. Blaine, 3rd, is made the principal beneficiary and residuary legatee, and is named as one of the executors. The will provides that after certain bequests are paid the remainder of the estate be converted into cash and invested for her son. There is also expressed a wish that the executors in New York be continued.

The will was presented to the Middletown court by Judge John C. Burke of Newport, who is acting for the estate. The will gives to her son, William T. Bull, certain patents and other immovables, as well as all her interest in the surgical instruments, library and jewelry of Dr. Bull. The rest of the household furniture, horses, carriages, etc., is to be divided equally between the two sons. All the remainder of the property is to be converted into cash and invested, the income to be paid to her son James until the whole of the principal shall have been paid to him. One half of the principal is to be turned over to him on his 30th birthday.

The executors named are the son, James G. Blaine, Edward Lauterbach, and Edward L. Partridge. The two last named declined to serve however on the ground that the son is completely able to manage the property, and their designations were filed with the will. James G. Blaine is also named as the guardian of the person of her son, William, with a request to be guided in his education and religious welfare by Rev. John Diman. A codicil, dated September 29, 1910, provides for the payment of a few minor bequests.

The clause regarding the New York executors reads as follows: "It is my earnest wish that the prosecuting attorney of the county of New York will carry on the criminal prosecution of John A. Qualey, instituted on account of his defrauding me of the sacred bequest bestowed upon me by my beloved husband, and that my attorney will continue the civil litigation against John A. Qualey and Ellen Dunlop Hopkins on account of their conspiring to defraud me."

A Home Wedding.

The wedding of the Countess Margot von Beroldingen, and Mr. Samuel Norris took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph F. Stone, on Bellevue avenue at noon on Saturday last, and was of a very simple character. There were present only the immediate family and a few intimate friends.

The ceremony was performed in the drawing room of the Stone residence, the decorations being of palms and potted plants, and spring flowers. The bride's gown was of pale blue satin and chiffon, and the bride was unattended. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George L. Locke, D. D., rector of St. Michael's Church, Bristol. The best man was Mr. H. Vinton Hayes of Cambridge, Mass., and the ushers were Dr. Ramon Gutierrez of New York, Mr. C. B. Perkins of Boston, Mr. Mark A. DeWolfe Howe of Bristol, and Mr. W. E. Howe of New York.

Following the ceremony a reception was held and a collation was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Norris departed on their wedding trip. They will make their residence in New York.

The bride is a daughter of the late Joseph F. Stone, who was a prominent banker of New York. Her first marriage was to Count Alexander Beroldingen of Austria but after a short married life she obtained a divorce from him. She is well known in Newport, having been here with her mother a large part of the time for the last two years. Mr. Norris is secretary and attorney of the United States Rubber Company and is prominently connected with many allied organizations. He graduated from Harvard in 1883 with high honors.

Dr. William C. Stoddard is enjoying a vacation trip in the South. His first stop will be at Savannah, Ga., after which he will go north to Chatsanooga and spend some days there looking over the battlefields of the Civil War.

St. George's School has closed for the Easter holidays and the boys have returned to their homes.

Recent Deaths.

Charles E. Spooner.

Mr. Charles E. Spooner, for many years one of Newport's prominent business men, died at the Nina Lynette Home on Washington street on Wednesday morning after a considerable illness. He had been in charge of the home since it was opened a few years ago, and was highly esteemed by the management as well as by those who lived there.

Mr. Spooner was sixty-eight years of age. He was for many years engaged in the grain business in this city, being at first engaged in partnership with John O. Peckham and John B. Mason. He afterward conducted the business alone, but in later years he took his son, Harry M. Spooner, and his son-in-law, H. Bailey Congdon, into partnership, the firm being known as the Charles E. Spooner Company. At one time Mr. Spooner did a large business, but a few years ago a fire broke out in the establishment on a Sunday night and the loss to property and contents was a large one, and the company found it impossible to recover from the blow.

Mr. Spooner was a man of a somewhat retiring nature but was very well liked by all who knew him. He was highly respected by the community, and had made a complete success of the management of the Home on Washington street, his death coming as a severe blow to the residents there. He had been for many years a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and of Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. He was one of the oldest members of Malbone Lodge, No. 98, New England Order of Protection.

Mr. Spooner is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. Harry M. Spooner, now residing in Providence, and one daughter, Mrs. H. Bailey Congdon, of this city.

Cornelius O'Leary.

Chief Boatwain Cornelius O'Leary, U. S. N., better known to his friends in the service and out as Pharmacist O'Leary, died at his home on Narragansett avenue on Sunday after a short illness from pneumonia. On a recent visit to New York he caught a severe cold which developed into double pneumonia, from which he was unable to recover.

Mr. O'Leary had been in the service of the United States for more than forty years, for twenty-two of which he was on duty at the Torpedo Station here. His rank was that of pharmacist, but when he was first attached to the service he was known as a druggist, the other grade being established later. When the time came in 1902 that he reached the age of retirement, there was much time spent by officers of the department in consideration of what might be done to mark his long period of faithful service, the pharmaceutical branch having lack of such rank as he could properly have attained in some other line. It was finally decided that he should be retired at a chief boatwain, and this was the rank that he held.

Mr. O'Leary settled in Newport to end his days, having a host of friends and associates here. His home on Narragansett avenue was a delightful one, and he delighted to entertain his friends there.

He is survived by a widow but no children.

Nathaniel Thayer.

Newport lost another of her long-time summer residents on Tuesday, when Nathaniel Thayer died at his winter home in Boston after an illness of more than a year. He was born in Boston June 13, 1851, and was the son of Nathaniel Thayer, a banker, whose business was succeeded by Kidder, Peabody & Co. His mother was Cornelia Van Rensselaer. Mr. Thayer was graduated at Harvard in 1871. After two years spent in travelling he was associated in business with his father for a time. He was interested in many rich corporations, and was president or director of many of them. He was president of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and was interested in a host of charities. He was a member of the leading clubs of New York, Boston and Newport, taking a particular interest in the Newport Golf Club, which he had helped greatly to build up.

Mr. Thayer's summer home was at the corner of Bellevue and Wheatland avenues, and here he had passed much of his time during the summer for the last thirty years. He was here as usual last summer, but his health was failing then and he went out comparatively little.

Mr. Thayer is survived by a widow, and three daughters by a former marriage: the Countess Molke, wife of the Danish minister to the United States; Mrs. William S. Patten of New York; and Miss Sarah B. Thayer. He is also survived by two brothers, Messrs. John E. Thayer and Bayard Thayer, both of whom are prominent in the business and social life of Boston.

Daniel Cook.

Mr. Daniel Cook, one of Newport's oldest residents, died at his home on

Park and Gould streets on Monday evening, after being confined to his bed for several months. Death was due to diseases incident to old age. He had lived until yesterday he would have reached his ninety-first birthday.

Mr. Cook was born in Portsmouth on March 24, 1820, but he had made his home in Newport practically all his life. He was for a long time engaged in the ice business with his headquarters on Ferry wharf. He afterward engaged in business as a contracting builder and his services were in much demand.

Many of his somewhat old fashioned, well built houses are in excellent condition to-day, many of them being in Jamestown. When he was engaged in business people knew that every part of the work would be honestly done, and they felt that they could well trust him to give them full value for their money.

Mr. Cook had been a member of the First Baptist Church for seventy-one years, and as long as he was able took an active interest in church work. Of late his failing health had made it impossible for him to get out, and even before he was confined to his bed he seldom left his home. He retired from active business many years ago.

Mr. Cook is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Sophia Ryder, and two granddaughters.

Walter H. R. Jeter.

Mr. Walter H. R. Jeter, son of Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Jeter, died at the residence of his parents on School street on Monday after a long illness. He had been in constantly failing health for some years, and during the past few weeks his condition had been such that it was realized that he could live but a short time.

Mr. Jeter was in his twenty-fourth year. He was a musician of unusual ability and his services had been in much demand in many different places. He had come considerable composing and some of his work had attracted much attention by musical critics of ability. He was a young man of excellent moral character and was very popular with his associates. Besides his parents and brothers and sisters, Mr. Jeter is survived by a widow, who was Miss Maude Margaret Bruce of Washington, D. C., the marriage taking place in 1909. His death is a severe blow to his family and friends.

George A. Brown.

Mr. George A. Brown died at his home on Spring street on Thursday, after a long illness, in his sixty-fifth year. He had been in poor health for some time, and on account of his condition felt compelled to decline a re-election to the board of firewards by the representative council last January.

Mr. Brown was a native of Westport, Mass., but had lived in Newport nearly all his life. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having seen service in the 12th Rhode Island, and being engaged in several active campaigns. He had been employed at the Torpedo Station for thirty years, his position being that of boss carpenter.

Mr. Brown always took an active interest in the Newport Artillery of which he was long an officer, working up to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel under Colonel Horton. From his boyhood days he was a member of the fire department, and passed through the various grades until he became an assistant engineer. He was a member of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and of Corcoran Council, Royal Arcanum. He is survived by a widow and one son, Mr. Orin N. M. Brown of the Post Office.

As the new building for the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. rises into the air it is easier for the people to form some idea of what the size of the finished structure will be. The building will be an immense one, but its size is modified by the grace of its lines, and the ornate appearance of the material used. When completed it will be a very decided ornament to that part of the city, and in fact it can be seen from many different parts of Newport. The upper portion will make a landmark that can be observed from a long distance. The work is now going on apace and every day that passes sees considerable progress made.

Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., died last week in a Boston Hospital, at the age of sixty-seven years, following an operation. He had been in poor health for some months, but his death was entirely unexpected by his friends in Newport. He was a son of the late Rev. William H. Fish, who died a short time ago at the age of ninety-three. The younger Mr. Fish was the pastor of the Unitarian Church at Troy, N. Y., and had made considerable reputation as a writer.

Mr. J. M. K. Southwick received a shaking up by a fall in front of his store on Thames street Tuesday morning. He soon recovered from the effects, however.

There have been several important rentals for the coming season, and the advance demand seems to warrant an expectation of a busy summer.

Superior Court.

In the Superior Court on Saturday arguments were presented by counsel in the Walker divorce case, Mr. Harvey making the plea for Mr. Walker, and Colonel Sheffield for Mrs. Walker, the petitioner. At the conclusion of the arguments Judge Baker spoke briefly, saying that the time for a reconciliation would be before judgment is rendered by the court. Under the possibility that a reconciliation might be brought about the court did not render a decision immediately.

Monday morning the case Alexander Nicol vs. Frank Paul et al. went on. This was a suit to recover on book account for work done on defendant's property. Mr. R. C. Derby, Mr. Paul's agent, had declined to approve some of the bills on the ground that the amounts were excessive, and the plaintiff sued to recover for \$725.40. The plaintiff's case was put in by presenting bills for stock, labor, etc., and calling a number of witnesses to testify to the amount of work done.

For the defendant it was claimed that it was never contemplated to have so extensive repairs made, and Mr. Derby testified that he had not been able to get an intelligent itemized bill. Counsel presented their arguments Tuesday afternoon and about 6 o'clock the jury reported a verdict for the plaintiff for \$711.93.

Wednesday morning the case of Charles D. Stark, Jr., vs. Joseph P. Cotton and others was put on. Edward N. Wyatt of Middletown being appointed foreman of the jury. Nolan and Curran represented the plaintiff and Sheffield, Levy & Harvey the defendants. This was a case involving the sale of stock of the Johnston-Graham Mining Company, founded by a number of Newport men, to a Western man. The claim of the plaintiff was that the sale of stock was made through his initiative and that he was therefore entitled to a commission on all the sales. He claimed that he had been informed by the "syndicate" that he would be "treated right" and as the laws of the State of California, where the mine is located, allow 10 per cent. commission, he expected to receive that amount.

The defendants presented a formidable array of numbers in court while the case was being heard. It developed that the syndicate members disposed of 80 per cent. of their holdings of the stock of this company the amount involved being \$225,000. Stark went out to California as assistant superintendent of the mine, and after the mine had been compelled to shut down owing to lack of funds he found a possible purchaser for the stock.

The case came to an end Thursday morning. After the evidence for the plaintiff had been put in, largely on depositions, Mr. Harvey moved a noli prosequi, and the motion was argued by Mr. Harvey and Mr. Sheffield, and Mr. Curran and Mr. Nolan opposed it. The court granted the motion and that ended the case.

The next case was that of the Hotel-kill, Vail & Garrison Company vs. Thomas B. Conolly, a suit on book account to recover for goods sold to the defendant. The case was heard by a jury of which Francis S. Barker was foreman. After the plaintiff's evidence had been presented, adjournment was taken for the noon recess, and during that time an agreement was reached between the parties so that when court was resumed the case was withdrawn.

The court then adjourned to meet according to law.

The ponds that furnish the water supply for Newport have made substantial gains during the past couple of weeks and the indications are that Newport will have a normal supply to start the summer with or very nearly. When the spring rains start in earnest the ponds will undoubtedly rise rapidly. There is still a very substantial shortage in practically all of the ponds, although some of them show it more than others.

Town Clerk Albert L. Chase of Middletown, who has been bowed for some time, is considerably improved in health and hopes to be able to get into the city again before long. It is hard to imagine the town of Middletown doing business for any length of time without Mr. Chase on deck.

Mr. Charles P. Taft of Ohio, brother of President Taft, has been in Newport recently, and it was currently rumored about the city that there was some intention of leasing a cottage here for the summer season. Newporters would be glad to see him here.

The ringing of the six o'clock bells on Monday evening was a reminder that spring had come, although according to the almanac it did not actually arrive until the following day.

Robert M. Quonon, formerly a resident of Newport, died in Rutherford, Mass., last week. He has a brother and sister living here.

The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER IV. THE HIGHBINDERS.

WHEN the three men who had pulled him from his horse and bound him had withdrawn to the farther side of the campfire to wrangle morosely over what should be done with him, Blount found it difficult to realize that they were actually discussing, as one of the expeditious, the propriety of knocking him on the head and flinging his body into the canyon.

The difficulty lay in the crude incredulity of things. Five minutes earlier he had been riding peacefully up the trail, wondering how badly he was lost and how much farther it was to Debbely's. Then, at a sudden turn in the canyon bridge path, he had come upon a campfire and had found himself looking into the muzzle of a leveled Winchester.

From that to the unhorsing and the binding was but a rough and tumble half minute, since he was unarmed and the surprise had been complete, but the incredulities remained.

That some ridiculous mistake had been made seemed to be the only possible explanation. But when he remembered the three invisible horsemen who had passed him on the broad main he was not so sure about the mistake.

Most naturally his thoughts went back to the little episode on the hotel porch. The passing glance he had given to the three men with whom his smoking room companion had been talking did not enable him to identify them with the three who were calmly discussing his fate at the nearby fire, but the conclusion was fairly obvious none the less.

Thus far he had been either too busy or too bewildered to think of asking questions, but when the more murderous of the expeditious seemed actually about to prevail he thought it was time to try to find out why he was to be executed.

"I don't want to seem to interfere with any arrangements you gentlemen are making," he called across to the group at the fire, "but if you will kindly tell me why you think it necessary to murder me I should be immensely obliged."

"You know mighty good and well why there's one too many of you on Lost river, jest at this stage of the game," said the hard faced brigand who had held the Winchester while his two accomplices had unhorsed and bound the victim.

"But I don't," insisted Blount good naturedly. "So far as I know, there is only one of me on Lost river or anywhere else."

"That'll do for you. It ain't your put in, now," was the gruff decision of the court.

But Blount was too good a lawyer to be silenced that easily.

"Perhaps you might not especially regret killing the wrong man, but in the present case I am very sure I should. Who do you think I am?"

"The boss knows who you are, and that's enough for us," said the spokesman of the three highbinders.

"The boss?" questioned Blount.

"Yass; I said the boss. Now hold your jaw."

Blount caught at the word. In a flash the conversation with Gantry flicked into his mind.

"There is only one boss in this state," he said coolly, "and I am very sure he has not given you orders to kill me."

"What's that?" demanded the spokesman.

Blount repeated his bit of information, adding, "Perhaps you'd better ring for a better connection and ask your boss if he wants you to kill the son of his boss."

At this the tall man came and stood over his prisoner.

"Say, comrade, it ain't my night for kiddin', and it hadn't ort to be yours," he remarked gruffly. "The boss didn't say you was to be rubbed out—they never do. But I reckon it would save a heap of trouble if you was rubbed out. You don't got over into them woods on Upper Lost creek with no papers to serve on anybody. See?"

A great light dawned upon Blount, and with it came the discomforting chill of a conviction overthrown. As a theorist he had always scoffed at the idea that corporations, which are creatures of the law, could afford to be law-breakers. But here was a

very striking refutation of the charitable assumption.

His smoking room companion of the Pullman car was doubtless one of the timber pillagers who had been cutting on the public domain. To such a man an agent of the national forest service was an enemy to be disposed of as expeditiously as possible, and Blount saw that he had only himself to blame, since he had allowed the man to believe that he was a government employee.

Having the clew to the mystery, however, his course was a little easier to steer.

"My name is Blount, and I am the son of ex-Senator David Blount of this state," he asserted. "Now, what are you going to do with me?"

"What's that you say?" grated the outlaw.

"You heard what I said. Go ahead and leave me into the canyon if you are willing to stand for it afterward."

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"You heard what I said. Go ahead and leave me into the canyon if you are willing to stand for it afterward."

The hard faced man turned on his heel without replying and went back to the other two at the fire. Blount caught only a word now and again of the low toned, wrangling argument that followed. But from the overheard word or two he gathered that there were still some leanings toward the sound old maxim which declares that "dead men tell no tales."

When the decision was reached he was left to guess what it was. Without any explanation the things were taken from his wrists and ankles, and he was helped upon his horse. When his captors were also mounted, the new status was defined by the hard faced man in curt phrase.

"You go along quiet with us, and don't you make no bad breaks. I more'n half believe you been lyin' to me, but I'm goin' to give you a chance to prove up. If you don't prove up you pass out, that's all. Now get in line and hike out, and if ye're tempted to make a break jest recollect that a chunk of lead out of a Winchester kin travel a heap faster than your cayuse."

For the first few miles the trail was so difficult that speed was out of the question, but later in crossing a high lying valley the horses were pushed, and ten or twelve miles were covered at a gallop.

When the canyon trail came out upon broad uplands, and became a country road, with ranches on either hand, watered by irrigation canals into which the mountain torrent was diverted, there were no familiar landmarks to tell Blount whether his captors were leading him.

As he was able to determine by holding his watch face up to the moonlight, it was nearly midnight when the silent cavalcade of four turned aside from the main road into an avenue of huge cottonwood trees.

At its head the avenue became a circular driveway, and fronting the driveway a stately house, with a massive Georgian facade and colonnade portico, along its black shadow across the white gravel of the carriage approach.

There were lights in one wing of the house, and another appeared behind the twilight in the entrance hall when the leader of the three highbinders had tramped up the steps and touched the bell push.

Blount had a fleeting glimpse of a black head with a crown of snowy

hair when the door was opened, but he did not hear what was said. Then the negro disappeared, and there was a little interval of waiting.

At the end of the interval the door was opened wider, and Blount had a glad opportunity to dismount.

What he saw when he stood on the doormat beside the hard faced man with the Winchester merely added mystery to mystery. Just within the luxuriously furnished hall, where the light of the hall lantern served to brighten the artistic effect of her dark red house gown, stood a woman, evidently the mistress of the Georgian mansion. She was rather small and

dark, with brown eyes that were almost childlike in their winsomeness, a woman who might be twenty or thirty or any age between.

"What is it, Barto?" the little lady asked, turning to the man with the gun.

The reply was direct and to the purpose.

"Excuse me, but I jest wanted to ask if you know this young feller here. He allows he is—"

"Of course," she said quickly, coming forward without hesitation to give her hand to the dazed one. "Please come in. We have been expecting you."

Then again to the man with the Winchester, "Thank you, Barto, for showing the gentleman the way to Wartrace Hall."

It was all done so quietly that Blount was still awkwardly holding the hand of welcoming when his late captors were riding away down the cottonwood shaded avenue. When he realized what he was doing he was as nearly embarrassed as Patricia Amner's lover could well be. But his impromptu hostess quickly set him at ease.

"You needn't make any explanations," she hastened to say, smiling up at him and gently disengaging the hand which he was still forgetting to relinquish. "Of course I saw that you were in trouble of some kind and that your safety depended in some sense upon my answer. What can I do for you?"

"I was on my way to the capital when these men held me up," he stammered. "They—they mistook me for some one else, I think, and for reasons best known to themselves they brought me here. If you could direct me to some place where I can get a night's lodging—"

"There is nothing like a tavern within twenty miles of here," she broke in, "nor is there any house within that radius which would refuse you a night's shelter, Mr.—"

Blount made a quick dive for his cardcase, found it and hastened to introduce himself by name. She took the bit of pasteboard, and since she scarcely glanced at the engraved line on it he found himself wholly unable to interpret the smile she gave him in return.

"The card is hardly necessary," she said, and then, to his complete bewilderment, "You are very like your father, Mr. Blount."

"You know my father?" he exclaimed.

She laughed softly. "Every one knows the senator. And I can assure you that his son is very welcome under this roof. —Uncle Barnabas—to the ancient serving man, who was still hovering in the background—"have Mr. Blount's horse put up and the blue room made ready."

Blount followed the hostess, who was still unnamed to him, obediently when she led the way to the lighted library in the wing of the great house.

"Uncle Barnabas will come for you presently," she explained. "In the meantime let me make you a cup of tea. I am sure you must be needing it if you have ridden far. Take the easy chair, and we can talk while the kettle is boiling. Are you new to the west, Mr. Blount? Or is this only a return to your own? The senator is always talking about you, but he is so proud of you that he forgets to tell us the really interesting things that we want to know."

The serving man took his own time about coming back for the guest, so long a time that Blount forgot that it was past midnight, that he was a guest in a strange house and that he did not yet know the name of his entertainer.

For all this forgetfulness the little lady with the dark brown eyes was directly responsible. Almost before he knew it Blount found himself chatting companionably with her and finding her charmingly responsive in whatever field the talk happened to fall.

The white haired old butler came at last to show him the way to his luxurious lodgings on the second floor of the mansion.

With a touch of hospitality which carried Blount back to his one winter in the south, the hostess went with him as far as the stair foot, and her "Good night" was still ringing musically in his ears when the old negro lighted the acetylene in the guest room, put another stick of wood on the small fire that was crackling and snapping cheerfully on the hearth and bobbed and bowed his way to the door.

Blount saw his last chance for better information vanishing for the night and once more broke with the traditions.

"Uncle Barnabas, suppose you tell me where I am before you go," he suggested. "Whose house is this?"

The old man stopped on the threshold, chuckling gleefully. "Ain't you know dat, sah? Aint' Mis' Honoria done tell you dat? You's at Wat'race Hall, Mahsteh Majah's country house. Yes, sah, dat's whah you is—kee, hee!"

"And who is 'Master Major'?" pressed Blount, whose bewilderment grew with every fresh attempt to dispel it.

"Ain't she tell you dat? Kee, hee! Everybody knows Mahsteh Majah; yes, sah. Ef Mis' Honoria aint' tell you ole Barnabas aint' gwine to. No, sah. Ah'll bring you' all's coffee in de mawm-in'; yes, sah. Good night, sah. Kee, hee!" And the door closed silently upon the wrinkled old face and the bobbing head.

Having nothing else to do, Blount went to bed, but sleep came reluctantly.

Whether had a curiously tricky fate led him? Where was Wartrace Hall, and who was Mahsteh Majah? Who was the winsome little lady who looked as if she might be twenty and who had all the wit and wisdom of the ages at her tongue's end?

These and kindred speculations kept him awake for a long hour after the door had closed behind the ancient negro, and he was just dropping off into his first loss of consciousness when the familiar purring of a motorcar aroused him again.

There was a window at his bed's head, and he reached over and drew the curtain.

The view gave upon the avenue of cottonwoods and the circular carriage approach.

A touring car, with its powerful headlights paling the white radiance of the moon, was drawn up at the steps, and he had a fleeting glimpse of a big man, swathed from head to heel in a dust coat, descending from the tonneau.

"I suppose that is Mahsteh Majah," he mused sleepily. "That's why the little lady was sitting up so late and why she had the tea things out. She was waiting for him." Then to the thronging queries, threatening to return and keep him awake: "Scat! Go away! Call it a pipe dream and let me go to sleep!"

CHAPTER V.
AT WATRACE HALL.

WHEN Evan Blount opened his eyes on the morning following the night of singular adventures the sun was shining brightly in at the bed's head window, a cheerful fire was crackling on the hearth, and his father, a little heavier, a little grayer, but with the same rugged face and kindly eyes, was standing at his bedside.

"Evan, boy!" and "Father!" were the only words of greeting, but the mighty hand grip that went with them was for Evan a renewal of his boyhood and a sufficient promise for the future.

Followed instantly a rush of mingled emotions; of astonishment that he had recognized no familiar landmark in the midnight furling through the hills or on the approach to the home of his childhood; or something like a keen regret that the old had given place so thoroughly and completely to the new; of something bordering on chagrin that he had been surprised into accepting the hospitable advances of a woman whom he had been intending to avoid and for whom he had cherished—and meant to cherish—a contemptuous disregard.

But at the hand gripping moment there was no time for a nice weighing of emotions. He was in his father's house, the homecoming; some phases of which he had vaguely dreamed, was a fact accomplished, and the new life—the life that was to be lived without Patricia—was fairly begun. Also there were nervous to be brought up.

"Did the little—or did Mrs. Blount tell you that I was here?"

"She did, but she couldn't tell me much more. How on top of earth did you happen to blow in at midnight with Jack Barto for your head leader?"

"It's a fairy tale, and you won't believe it—of a Blount," was the laughing reply. "I left Boston Monday and should have reached the capital last night. But my train was laid out behind a freight wreck at Aretis just before dark, and I left it and took to the hills—horseback. Don't ask me why. The smell of the sagebrush was in my nostrils, and I had to do it. I knew where I was, and I thought I could ride to Debbely's, so I hired the broncho and pitched out. I think I kept the general direction all right until I got lost among the Lost river hog-backs, but after that I was pretty successfully lost."

"And Barto found you?" queried the senator.

"Who is this ubiquitous Barto who goes around playing the holdup one minute and the good angel the next?"

"He is a sort of general utility man for Hathaway, the head pusher of the Twin Bittes Lumber company. He is supposed to be a timber cruiser and log scaler, but I guess he doesn't work much at his trade. Down in the lower wards of New York they'd call him a heeler maybe. But you don't mean to tell me that Jack Barto robbed you, son?"

"No; he was merely discussing with his two fellow holdups the advisability of knocking me on the head and dropping me into Lost River canyon; that was all. Of course I knew they had fallen upon the wrong man, and after awhile I succeeded in making Barto accept that hypothesis. At least he accepted it sufficiently to bring me here for identification. Since he wouldn't talk and I didn't recognize the trail or the place I hadn't the slightest notion of my whereabouts—not the least in the world."

The big man was leaning against the foot rail of the bed and frowning thoughtfully. "Talked about dropping you into Lost river, did they? H'm! We'll have to look into that a little, I guess. Who set them on, son? Got any idea of that?"

"I have a very good idea—a man who came across in the Pullman with me from Omaha; tall and rather slim and with a hatchet face and owl's eyes. I didn't learn his name, but he said he was interested in mines and timber."

"That was Hathaway himself," was the instant decision. "His company has been cutting timber in the Lost river reserve, and he probably thought you were chasing him. You didn't know Honoria?"

"No; I wasn't expecting—I you may remember that I had never met her," stammered the young man, who had risen to his elbow among the pillows.

The father walked away to the window and stood looking out upon the distant mountains for a full minute before he turned to say gently: "We may as well run the boundary lines on this one time as another, son. You don't like Honoria. You've made up your mind not to like her. I'm not going to make it hard for either of you if I can help it. This is her home, but it is also yours, my boy. Do you reckon you could?"

Evan Blount made haste to stop the half pathetic appeal.

"Don't let that trouble you," he interposed. "I—Mrs. Blount is a very different person from the woman I have been imagining, and if she were not I think we are both sufficiently civilized not to quarrel." Then: "Have you breakfasted yet—you and Mrs. Blount? But of course you have long ago."

"Breakfasted? Without you? Not much, son. And that reminds me I was to come up and see if you were awake, and if you were I was to send Barnabas up with your coffee."

"You may tell Barnabas that I haven't acquired the coffee in bed habit yet," laughed the lazy one, sitting up. "And you may make my apologies to Mrs. Blount and tell her I'll be down 'pronto.' There, doesn't that sound as if I were getting back to the good old sagebrush life?"

"Great land! I haven't heard anybody say 'pronto' since I was knee high to a hoptoad!"

In all his forecastings Evan Blount had never pictured a homecoming like this. In each succeeding hour of the day the edges of the chasm of the years drew closer together, and when finally his father put him on a horse and rode with him to a corner of the vast home farm, a corner fenced off by sentinel cottonwoods and watered by the small irrigation ditch of his boyhood recollections, rode with him through the screening cottonwoods and showed him, lying beyond them, the old ranch buildings of the Circle Bar, untouched and undisturbed, his heart was full, and a sudden mist came before his eyes to dim the picture.

"I've kept it just as it used to be, Evan," his father said gently. "I thought maybe you'd come back some day and be sure enough disappointed if it were gone."

The younger man slipped from his saddle and went to look in at the open door of the old ranch house. Everything was precisely as he remembered it—the shape, old fashioned furniture, the crossed quilts over the high wooden mantel, his mother's rocking chair—that was the final touch. He sat down on the worn door log and put his face in his hands, for now the gaping chasm of the years was quite closed, and he was a boy again.

Later in the day there were ambling gallops along the country roads, and the father explained how the transformation from cattle raising to agriculture and fruit growing had come about; how the great irrigation dam in Quenreture canyon had put a thousand square miles of the fertile mesa under cultivation; how with the fanning of the new population had come new blood, new methods, good roads, the telephone, the rural mail route and other civilizing agencies.

Evan groaned. "I know," he said. "I've lost my birthland. It's as extinct as the megalosaurus. I'd like to see those bones we used to find sticking in the gully banks on Table Mesa. By the way, that reminds me. Are there any of those giant fossils left? I was telling Professor Amner about them the other day, and he was immensely interested."

"We're all fossils, we older folks of the cattle raising times," laughed the man whom Richard Gantry had called the "super governor." "But there are some of the bones left, too, I guess, and if the professor is a friend of yours we'll get him a state permit to dig all he wants to."

"Yes, Professor Amner is a friend of mine," was the younger man's half absent admission, "as much of a friend as his daughter would ever allow him to be."

The qualifying clause was not thrown away upon the senator. "What has the daughter got against you, son?" he asked mildly.

"Nothing very serious," laughed Patricia's lover. "But I think she is jealous of any one who tries to share her father with her. Next to her career—"

"That's Boston, isn't it?" interrupted the ex-cattle king. Then he added, "I'm right glad it hasn't come in your way to the yourself up to one of those 'careers,' Evan, my boy."

The young man felt better after he had told his father his love story. It was highly necessary that he should tell some one, and whom better?

David Blount listened with the faraway look in his eyes that the son had more than once marked as the greatest of the changes chargeable to the aging years.

"Think a heap of her, do you, son?" he said when the ambling saddle animals had covered another half mile of the homeward journey.

"So much that it went near to spoiling me when she finally made me realize that I couldn't hold my own against the 'career,'" he made answer. Then he added: "I want work, father. That is what I am out here for; the hardest kind of work and plenty of it; something that I can put my heart into. Can you find it for me?"

There was the wisdom of the centuries in the gentle smile provoked by this unashamed lover's appeal.

"I wouldn't take it too hard if I were you, son," said the wise man. "And as for the work, I guess we can satisfy you if your appetite isn't too big. How would a state office do?"

"Politest?" queried Blount, bringing his horse down to the walk for which his father had set the example. "I've thought a good bit about that, though I haven't had any special training that way. The schools of today are turning out business lawyers—men who know the law and are trained particularly in its application to the great business undertakings. That used to be my ambition—to be a business adviser and perhaps after awhile to climb to the top of the ladder and be somebody's corporation counsel."

"But now you have changed?"

"I don't know that I have. But there are other fields that are also attractive. No man can study the politics of America today without seeing the need for good men—men who will administer the affairs of the state or the nation without fear or favor; men who will bow to the law under any and all conditions."

A quaint smile was playing under the drooping mustache of the Hon. Senator Sagebrush.

"I reckon we do need a few men like that, Evan—used 'em mighty bad. Think you could fill the bill if you had a right good chance?"

The potential power of political chips smiled.

"I'm not likely to get the chance very soon," he returned. "Just at present I am still a legal resident of the good old commonwealth of Massachusetts and a member of the bar of the state of Massachusetts."

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Thornton, week days, 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.20 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., then every 30 minutes.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of Time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m., and 10.00, 10.15 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m., and 10.17 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.37 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.30 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.35 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.35 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.40 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.40 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 7.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 11.55 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 3.55 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 12.00 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 12.05 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.05 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 12.10 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.10 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 12.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 12.30 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 12.35 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.35 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 12.55 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 4.55 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 1.00 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 5.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 1.05 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 5.05 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 1.10 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 5.10 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 1.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 5.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 2.00 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 2.05 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.05 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 3.00 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 7.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 3.05 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 7.05 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 3.10 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 7.10 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 4.00 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 4.05 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.05 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 4.10 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.10 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 4.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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WILL ACCEPT NO PROMISES

Revolutionists Want Formal
Negotiations For Peace

OUTLINE OF THEIR ATTITUDE

Laying Down of Arms Without Formal Guarantee Would Be Followed by Mysterious Death of Leaders. No Reforms Would Be Granted and Oppression Would Be Greater Than Ever—Expect Americans' Support

Washington, March 24.—Diplomats expect that within a short time announcement will be made at the White House and in European capitals of the formation of the world-wide peace federation, organized under the leadership of President Taft. The first steps toward this organization, they declare, have already embraced Japan, United States, France and England. The conferences held at the White House are understood to have been marked by important progress in negotiations.

President Taft talked for some time with Baron Uchida, ambassador from Japan, and Robert Bacon, United States ambassador to France. Uchida and Taft are said to have discussed a general arbitration treaty which will embrace Japan, the United States, France and England. With these four powerful nations in a general arbitration treaty, the peace of the world would be assured.

It has already been semi-officially announced that the British government favored such a treaty. The French government let it be known in Paris that it favored a limitation of armaments and an international arbitration treaty. Bacon carried France's answer to Taft yesterday.

Japan, menaced in Manchuria by Russia despite existing treaties, it was said, should go to war with the United States, is understood to be very willing to be a signatory to a treaty with the three other countries which would assure a fair share of the Far Eastern trade and fix for all time her control of Manchuria and Korea.

The four countries mentioned would be able to preserve the peace of the world by force if necessary and compel the other nations to agree to limitation of armaments.

Diplomats say that the treaty is now well under way and will be simultaneously announced in Washington, Tokio, London and Paris. It is supposed that Austria, Italy, Russia and Germany are now being sounded by Washington on these plans. These countries undoubtedly will join such a universal peace pact, with the possible exception of Germany. But if Germany should not become a signatory she would find herself occupying an isolated position.

A prominent diplomat here said: "Should such a treaty be made, and there is small doubt that something of the kind is under way, it would mean in time the partial disarmament of the nations, the limitation of armies and navies and one of the greatest forward steps ever taken by humanity since war and diplomacy began."

A Call For Recruits
San Antonio, Tex., March 24.—With the call for 6000 or 7000 recruits, the issuance of an order by General Carter fixing provisions for a sudden move, should it be required, and a statement by Dr. C. F. Carls that the Mexican revolutionary junta that "the United States will intervene in Mexico unless there is a definite show of tranquility by May 1," the recently diminished war cloud looms larger.

Dr. Carls felt sure enough of his facts to embody them in a report to Francisco I. Madero, the revolutionary leader, who, the latest report has it, is within thirty miles of the city of Chihuahua. Carls urged the insurrecto chief to achieve a decisive victory at all costs by May 1, for, he wrote:

"President Taft will not wait longer than that for quiet to be restored, business resumed and traffic over the railroads to be secure."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Man Wrongly Convicted of Murder, Is Released From Prison

Pittsburg, March 20.—Andrew Toth was released from the penitentiary here after serving twenty years for a crime he did not commit. Toth was accused of murdering a fellow-workman at the Braddock furnaces, and sentenced to prison for life.

Recently it was discovered he was half a mile away from the scene of the crime. Governor Tener promptly signed the pardon.

Coal Miners' Yearly Toll

Harrisburg, March 21.—It cost the lives of 1125 men to mine 231,966,070 tons of coal in Pennsylvania last year, according to the annual report of the chief of the state department of mines, just issued.

Famine Prices For Lobsters
Rockland, Me., March 23.—A lobster famine is responsible for the record-breaking price of 55 cents, a pound paid for lobsters shipped from this city to New York.

Austrians Number 28,567,898
Vienna, March 24.—Provisional census returns estimate the population of Austria at 28,567,898, an increase of 2,417,190 in ten years.

Kaiser's Daughter May Wed
Vienna, March 21.—It is reported that Archduke Franz Ferdinand is to marry the daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

SOLDIERS IN CAMP

Members of Seventeenth Infantry at San Antonio, Tex.



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FOR BUST OF JOHNSON

Sculptor Says He Is Unable to Collect Bill From Pugilist

New York, March 23.—Jack Johnson of Reno fame is again a defendant in an action at law. This time he is asked to come across with a mere \$4000 and remove from the rooms of Sculptor Carlino Scarlino a bust of himself which the sculptor passed many trying days to fashion into a likeness of the conqueror of Jeffries.

"He said he would pay tomorrow, but when tomorrow came he said 'tomorrow,' and then when tomorrow came he did not come, for he had gone away," sorrowfully says the sculptor.

PRISON AND FINES FOR STAMP THIEVES

Banker and Police Chief Are Among the Five Culprits

Wichita, Kan., March 24.—All the five defendants in the stolen postage stamp cases tried in the federal court here were sentenced to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. The sentences follow:

L. S. Nafziger, former bank president, fifteen months in prison and a fine of \$5000.

Frank S. Burt, former chief of police, who turned government witness, fifteen months in prison and a fine of \$1000.

John Callahan, five years in prison and a fine of \$1000.

Edward Earl and Ray Templeton, the men who robbed the postoffice, five years each in the penitentiary and a fine of \$100 each.

REGRET PUBLICITY

Treasury Officials Otherwise Approve the Searching of Women

Washington, March 23.—The public criticism following the search of the baggage and persons of Mrs. Joseph W. Hull and her daughter of Savannah, Ga., on board the Lusitania by customs officials at New York, brought out this official statement from the treasury department:

"This examination disclosed the fact that there had been omitted from their declarations over \$600 worth of dutiable merchandise. It has no comment to make upon the searching of the persons by the inspectors except to regret that the facts were made public."

REPEAL IS DEFEATED

Bar and Bottle Bill Remains on Massachusetts Statute Books

Boston, March 24.—The repeal of the bar and bottle bill was refused in the house by the vote of 131 to 103. The bill was enacted last year to take effect next May. If it is not repealed by that time, no bar license will be joined with a bottle license.

The argument for repeal was to the effect that the act was on trial in several municipalities and that it has failed. The opponents of repeal urged that it be given a longer trial.

JELLY BEANS SEIZED

Federal Inspectors Claim That the Confections Contain Talcum

Providence, March 24.—One thousand pounds of "jelly beans," a confectionary, were seized by United States food and drug inspectors from Boston. The candy had been shipped from Buffalo to this city and was confiscated because the inspectors claimed it contained talcum.

Recently the same inspectors seized a lot of candy Easter eggs in Boston. This is the first seizure under the pure food law in this city.

More Pay For Rural Mail Men

Washington, March 24.—More than 40,000 rural mail carriers will be benefited by the increase of salaries from \$900 to \$1000 that will be effective in the rural service July 1. It is announced at the postoffice department.

India Has 315,000,000 Population

Calcutta, March 21.—The final provisional census returns give the population of India as 315,000,000. This is an increase of 20,500,000 as compared with 1901.

No Treating at Tacoma Bars

Tacoma, Wash., March 23.—The first referendum election ever held in Tacoma resulted in a decisive victory for the anti-treating ordinances.

MEANS PEACE OF THE WORLD

Four Powerful Nations In General Arbitration Treaty

IS ALREADY WELL UNDER WAY

United States, England, Japan and France Can Compel Other Nations to Agree to Limitation of Armaments—Italy, Austria, Russia and Germany Being Sounded by Washington in Regard to Peace Pact

Washington, March 24.—Announcing that they will not lay down their arms until formal negotiations for peace are under way, the revolutionary party of Mexico, through Vazquez Gomez, their representative in Washington, has issued a statement outlining the attitude of the revolutionists toward peace overtures and reforms in the republic. The statement says:

"The revolutionary party, which is constituted of the best men of the country, doctors, lawyers, artisans, workmen and the like, are firm in declaring that they will not enter into anything but formal negotiations for peace. It cannot accept as a guarantee only the promise of a government that has for more than thirty years been promising and has never fulfilled a single one of its promises."

"It cannot believe that the government will change its methods of so many years, methods imposed upon the people by force, despite the possibility of such assurances in a guarantee. The revolutionists think, and with reason, that immediately following the laying down of their arms many of the leaders would die mysteriously, no reforms would be granted and the oppression would be greater than ever."

"For this reason the revolutionists will not accept as a guarantee the promises of the government, because they know that none of them will be complied with. As little, too, will they accept as a guarantee Mr. Limantour or any other individual, because one man cannot and must not serve as a guarantee for a political party fighting for the liberty of a people, and much less when such a man has been and is the right hand of the oppressing government."

"The revolutionary party must be represented in the government of the states, in the congress and in the cabinet. It is well known that up to the present not a single member of the cabinet or a representative of the people has ever made the least protest in regard to the great political abuses, the unjust imprisonments and the numberless political assassinations."

"If the government should unfortunately, through bad counsel, refuse to enter into formal negotiations, the revolutionary party will regain with arms the liberties of the people, and they expect to have the sympathy and moral support of the American public in this aim, as have had all people fighting for justice and liberty."

\$100 FOR EACH BABY

Anti-Race Suicide Bill Before the Illinois Legislature

Springfield, Ill., March 23.—Prevention of race suicide, the encouragement of increase in population and the taxation of bachelors are the features of two bills introduced in the senate by Senator Beall, otherwise known as the "stork mayor of Alton."

The first, or anti-race suicide bill, provides for the payment of \$100 to the mother of each child born within two years after her marriage, and for each additional child born every two years.

The premium on twins is fixed at \$200 and on triplets \$300.

The other bill places a tax of \$10 a year on bachelors over 35 years of age, the amount to be set aside for the payment of premiums to mothers.

TEN THOUSAND IN FUNERAL

Sacred Relics Taken From Ruins of Synagogue to Be Buried

New York, March 21.—A funeral parade of 10,000 persons without a corpse was sanctioned by Mayor Gaynor upon application of Orthodox Jewish worshippers at the old Christie street synagogue, recently destroyed by fire.

The ceremony will mark the burial on Sunday next of the sacred relics taken from the ruins and is to be the first of its kind ever held in America.

Remembers Churches and Charity
Pittsfield, Mass., March 21.—Requests aggregating nearly \$275,000 are left to the Episcopal church and charitable institutions outside of that denomination by the will of Mrs. Amelia Worthington, widow of Rev. George Worthington, formerly bishop of Nebraska, who died in New York recently.

LOSE IMMUNITY PLEA

Court Refuses to Quash Indictments Against Meat Packers

Chicago, March 23.—Judge Carpenter, in refusing to quash indictments against ten Chicago meat packers, placed a limit on the freedom from liability granted the packers by the "immunity bath" given by Judge Humphreys in 1906.

He also ruled that the "immunity bath" did not prohibit the facts and evidence on which it was granted from being used as evidence to establish proof of a conspiracy existing at a date after the immunity was given.

AS MORAL OBLIGATION

Shaw Estate Replenishes Boston City Treasury to Extent of \$492,020

Boston, March 24.—Despite the fact that the Boston finance commission found, upon investigation, that the assessors were at fault in not exhausting all means of obtaining information regarding the taxable personal property left by the late Quincy A. Shaw, and that the city, as a result of the peculiar conditions under which the inventory was filed for probate, making the city unable to collect in full taxes to which it was entitled for the years 1908 and 1909, the beneficiaries under Shaw's will were asked as a moral obligation to pay the city the amount so overlooked, and they have paid \$492,020.42. The amount has been turned into the city treasurer's hands.

A check for \$74,520.87 was yesterday afternoon received by Tax Collector Edwards of Beverly, covering tax assessments on legacies left to beneficiaries under the will of Quincy A. Shaw, who for many years was a summer resident there. Of this amount \$744.35 was for interest.

PLAISTED'S FIRST VETO

Withholds Approval of \$30,000 Voted to a Children's Hospital

Augusta, Me., March 24.—Governor Plaisted sent his first veto message of the legislative session to the senate. It disapproved an appropriation of \$30,000 for the Children's hospital at Portland. In his message he says:

"While I should be willing and pleased to sign a resolve for the purpose of giving reasonable assistance to this worthy institution, in view of the present financial condition of the state, and in view of the amounts appropriated to other institutions by this legislature, I deem the amount named in this resolve larger than I am justified in approving."

KILLED ASSAILANT TO SAVE HONOR

Girl in Vermont Is Freed of the Charge of Murder

Rutland, Vt., March 21.—Camilla Covino, a 17-year-old Italian girl of Rutland, was freed of the charge of murdering Luigi Vermillo after a hearing lasting five and one-half hours in the Rutland district court. The girl pleaded justification.

She testified she shot Vermillo because he had made improper advances to her. The case was the first in which the "unwritten law" enters ever heard in Rutland county.

The girl took her discharge with the utmost coolness. Many of the women in the courtroom wept after Justice Swimmeron, who had presided through the hearing, had told Miss Covino she was free.

CUMMINS HELD IN \$50,000

Carnegie Trust Director Charged With Larceny of \$335,000

New York, March 22.—Out of the tangle of financial transactions which were first made known by the collapse of Joseph G. Robin's chain of banks, which were ruined by skyrocket financing, the grand jury has drawn the indictment of William J. Cummins, directing head of the Carnegie Trust company, for the alleged larceny of \$335,000 from the institution a year ago.

Cummins pleaded not guilty, with leave to withdraw the plea. Bail in \$50,000 was furnished.

Through Cummins' solicitation it is alleged that huge city deposits were obtained for the Carnegie Trust company shortly after the date of the alleged larcenies with which he is charged in yesterday's indictments.

A TAX ON SPINSTERS

All Over Twenty-Five May Have to Pay Five Dollars a Year

Madison, Wis., March 24.—A bill to tax \$5 annually every unmarried woman over 25 years old and to create a "matrimonial commission," consisting of the governor, superintendent of public property and chief clerk of the assembly, was introduced in the assembly by Assemblyman Hanser of Manitowish.

The matrimonial commission is charged with the duty of bringing together kindred souls when application is made for an affinity by any love-lorn maiden.

A GREAT PERFORMANCE

French Aviator Flies Two Miles With Eleven in Monoplane

Douai, France, March 24.—Aviator Louis Breguet made a record performance when he carried eleven passengers in his monoplane a distance of two miles.

The flight was made at a height varying from fifty to seventy-five feet. The total weight of the twelve persons was 1315 pounds and the combined weight of the machine and its occupants was 2602 pounds.

PLOT TO RESTORE KING

Confession of Portuguese Army Officer Who Is Charged With Treason

Lisbon, March 24.—Sergeant Lispero of the Ninth regiment, who was arrested, charged with treason, has confessed that a great monarchist plot against the republic has been formed. He says that the revolution was to have started in the first week of April.

The first regiment of chasseurs is the only one wholly faithful to the republican government, according to Lispero.

COUNSEL AND AID

We are at all times during banking hours ready and willing to aid our depositors and clients and give counsel in financial matters, acquired from many years of banking experience.

You are cordially invited to inspect our equipment and facilities and open an account subject to check,

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

303 Thames Street, Newport R. I.

Capital	\$300,000 00
Surplus and Und. Profits	\$120,820 53

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Spring Millinery

NOW OPEN.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN

Straw, Chip and Fancy Braids.

READY TO WEAR HATS FOR EARLY SPRING.

New Novelties for Spring Wear Now Shown Up.

A Great Selection at Popular Prices, at

SCHREIER'S

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

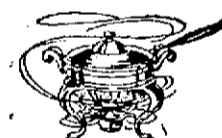
LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

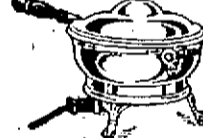
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY:

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, if the time has attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Health & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairs of all kinds. Gentile's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 830 a. m.—830 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper or hire of house and country food. W. G. FISHER, N. J.

"You know old Jolly? Well, he has locomotor ataxia." "He has? I thought all the time it was a limousine."—Baltimore American.

Black Inhabitants of France.
Lying so much off the beaten track, the village of Port Lesne, in the Jura department of France, is visited by but few from the outside world, and consequently this tiny community of men and women of color is but little known. It is not a large village, for its inhabitants number only about a hundred, but every one is either black or copper colored. It owes its origin to the fact that about a century ago the famous negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was brought from Haiti and imprisoned in Fort de Joux. Many of his friends, all negroes, followed him and encamped near his prison on the bank of the little river Loue. From that encampment grew the village of Port Lesne, and when Toussaint L'Ouverture died more than 100 years ago his friends decided to remain in France. The passing of years and intermarriages have transformed the settlement into a French village of colored folk, all of whom are enfranchised.

Poetry and Pleasure.
The poet writes under no restriction only—namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure. Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is for otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment of the more sincere because not formal, but indirect, it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he feels and lives and moves.—William Wordsworth.

In For It Either Way.
Minister—Now, Tommy, suppose you did something naughty and were asked if you did it. What would you say?
Tommy—I dunno.
Minister—You don't know? Why—why, what would happen if you told a lie?
Tommy—The devil'd git me.
Minister—That's right. And what if you told the truth?
Tommy—I'd git the devil.—Tolsted Blinde.

A Killing Joke.
"I made Dr. Kniffen, the eminent surgeon, very angry when I met him one winter day enjoying a spit over the snow."
"How did you make him mad?"
"I congratulated him on his sense of the fitness of things in taking advantage of every chance to go on a sleighing expedition."—Baltimore American.

A Range of Possibilities.
"I have been told," said the confident performer, "that I make my violin sound like the human voice."
"Yes," replied the candid friend, "but there are so many kinds of human voices."—Washington Star.

Yourselves.
If you want to be miserable think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people want to pay to you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

A Poor Flakeshift.

A traveller, on a freezing January night, called at an inn, but found it full.

"I guess," said the landlord, "we'll make up a bed in the hall and curtain it off for you."

Accordingly this was done. And the traveller, under a rather thin blanket, fell asleep. But in the middle of the night he awoke, freezingly. An icy draught blew through his hair and mustache; it even lifted his thin blanket and swept over his bare limbs.

The traveller rose. The sheet that had been hung up as a partition had become unfastened and it was waving merrily in the breeze.

"Landlord!" shouted the traveler.

"Landlord!"

"What is it?" a voice shouted.

"Landlord," said the traveler, "will you please let me have a paper of pins to lock my bedroom door with?"

Foretold.

District Attorney J. E. Clarke of New York was talking about the recent kidnapping cases, says the New York Times.

"Kidnappers," he said, "are apt to disappear now. They have become too unpopular. Why a kidnapper is as unpopular as a widower."

"Widows, now are very attractive, but about unappealing, something almost clumsy—I mean, of course, from the matrimonial point of view."

"I know a widow who is thinking of marrying again. As I thought he'd broach the matter delicately the other morning to his little daughter, so he said:

"Ah, my dear, how I did love your mother!"

"But the little girl gave him a suspicious look and snipped:

"Say 'do,' not 'did,' papa."

"What did the poet mean by talking about a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food?"

"Gee! he meant what a creature whom less ordinary men said the same thing about in other words—"

"What other words?"

"What do you know about his past?" asked Mabel.

"Just enough to make me a little suspicious about his present," said Maud, examining with a magnifying glass the diamond ring the young man had sent her.

"Your honeymoon was a great success, was it not?"

"Simply unparalleled! Why we came back home with money and we still love each other."—Life.

"What became of that cake I baked for you?" demanded the fiancée.

"I sent it downtown to have my monogram engraved on it," replied the fiancée.—Kansas City Journal.

"Do you think we have heard the worst of the discords in our party?"

"Not yet," replied the musical man.

"Just wait till our glee club gets to practicing."—Exchange.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?"

"A song."—Lippincott's.

Art is long, life short, judgement difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

Pushing and Pulling.
It has been wisely observed that most operations can be more efficiently performed by drawing them along through their proper course than by attempting to push and jam them through, just as it is much easier to pull a rope than it is to push it. There are probably not many persons who have tried to push a rope, but very many have attempted things almost as perverse. In many manufacturing establishments, for example, there may be seen numerous examples of men wasting a large part of their energy endeavoring to move heavy pieces of work upon small trucks, pushing and laboring in the exertion of effort, a small fraction of which goes to cause the actual progression. Even when such an effective aid to transport as an industrial railway is installed it is often used at less than its proper efficiency because there is too much pushing and not enough pulling.—Cassier's Magazine.

Bags That Last.
"The young chap whose morals I tremble for just now is my nephew," the city salesman remarked. "He has a position as errand boy in a banking house. He is a bright lad and as steady as they make 'em, but since he got that job in the bank his women relations are urging him into crime. They do not advise him to pick his employers' pockets or run away with the day's deposits, but the principle involved is just as reprehensible. They ask him to abstract a few bags that the silver money is carried in. The women want these bags for sofa pillow covers. They are made of material that will never wear out and feathers and down simply cannot sift through. By boldly asking for what he wanted the boy has secured enough bags to incase his mother's sofa pillows, but if he supplies the rest of the family I see nothing ahead of him but a career of crime."—New York Sun.

Do You Want to Get Slender?
A food specialist said of dieting: "The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten. The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—bun no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet, for all that, you will lose weight steadily. It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is, that we soon drop down to the slimmest natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."—Kansas City Star.

A Miracle Under Orders.
In "The Glory of the Shia World," translated from a Persian manuscript, is a story that will interest Christian Scientists.

"Nadir, builder of the 'golden porch of Nadir,' in the sacred city of Meshed, was a world conqueror and a lord of perception, albeit cruel. Of his power of perception they relate that one day when he entered the sacred shrine he saw a blind man invoking the aid of the Imam, and upon inquiry he learned that he had been there for several months. The great monarch asked him why his faith was so weak that his sight had not been restored and swore that if on his return he found him still blind he would cut off his head. The wretched man prayed so fervently and fixed his mind so intently on the Imam that within a few minutes his sight was restored."

Might Be in a Nice Fix.
Two men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans. "So they had printed the funeral notice of a man who is not dead already? Well, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he was one of those beehive believers everything they see in der bapers."—Harper's Magazine.

Sorry He Asked.
"Have you any special terms for automobilists?" asked the man in bear-skin and goggles.

"Want, yes," responded the old toll-gate keeper, whose gate had been broken down by speeding machines. "Sometimes I call them deadbeats, and sometimes I call them blamed rascals. Anything else you want to know, mister?"—Chicago News.

Parsimony and Economy.
"Papa," said a child, "what is the difference between parsimony and economy?"

"I will explain the difference by an example," the father replied. "If I cut down my own expenses that is economy, but if I cut down your mother's then it is parsimony."

Genuine Sardines.
Genuine sardines are the young of the pilchard. Their name comes from the fact that they are most numerous off the coast of Sardinia. They swim in the spring in shoals containing millions—fish shaped shoals ten miles long and a half mile wide. The sardines are netted and taken at once to the shore. There they are washed, scraped and sprinkled with salt. The salt is soon removed, the heads and gills cut off and there is another washing. Then, on beds of green brush, the fish are dried in the sun. Next they are boiled in olive oil till cooked thoroughly. The packers—women—always—take them now and pack them in the tin boxes we all know, filling up each box with boiling oil, filling on the lid and making the box air tight by soldering the joints together with a jet of hot steam. Sardines are more or less perfect according as they are prepared more or less immediately after their capture and according as the oil they are packed in is more or less pure.

The Tough Kid.
Nabor—I saw the doctor at your house yesterday.

Subbuts—Yes; that boy of mine climbed up on the porch when he was told to, and—

Nabor—Ah, I see. He fell and broke his—

Subbuts—Not much! He's sound as a dollar. But my wife tried to whip him for it, and new she's a nervous and physical wreck.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Problem That Stumped Rousseau.
A curious little book is an old, old treatise on aeronautes by Jean Jacques Rousseau, called "Le Nouveau Deduie." Like Leonardo da Vinci and Cyrano de Bergerac, Rousseau was haunted by the dream of aerial navigation. We read: "Men walk on the earth, they sail on the water and swim in it. Is not the air an element, like the others? What business have the birds to shut us out of their premises while we are made welcome in those of the fishes?" Rousseau took to stock in any theories propounded by the Darius Greens of his day. He sifted the matter for himself and thought it involved two problems. First to find a body lighter than air, so that it would rise. He imagined that sooner or later such a body might present itself. There was no telling. But what stumped him was his second problem—how to make that obliging body stop rising and how in creation to make it come down. This was too tough for Jean Jacques, and he wound up his book by admitting it. For a long time "Le Nouveau Deduie" remained unpublished, appearing only in 1801.

When a Ship Turns Turtle.
To "turn turtle" means, in nautical language, that a ship rolls too heavily, fails to recover herself and after a brief period on her beam ends turns topsy turvy, so that her keel points skyward. Then, of course, she sinks. Frequently the compressed air imprisoned in her hull blows her bottom out as she goes down, or if she is a steamer her boilers burst, with like results. As a rule, ships turn turtle because they are burdened with too much "top hamper" or from lack of sufficient ballast, or both causes combined. Rarely does it happen that there are any survivors, but there is one notable exception to the case of the battleship Captain, which was lost after this fashion in the bay of Biscay. In her case exactly three minutes elapsed from the time she first turned turtle until she finally sank, and forty of her crew of 500 men clambered up her side as she rolled over and on to her keel. Of these eighteen men were eventually rescued and were able to describe later on precisely what occurred.—Pearson's.

Mining For Coffin Planks.
One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in upper Tonkin, a portion of the French possessions in southeastern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsions of nature at a comparatively recent period. The trees are a species of pine known to the natives and also to some extent to Europeans commerce as "non-hoi." The wood is almost imperishable and has the quality, either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of coffins, and for this purpose it is largely exported to Europe. The trees are often a yard in diameter. They are buried in sandy earth at a depth of from two to eight yards and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.—Harper's Weekly.

How to Cool Things.
A newlywed named Jones was talking to his friend Casey the other day about the heat in his flat and was asking the other for a little advice.

"Do you know my dining room is the hottest place in the world?" began the newlywed. "Do you know of any way I might cool it off?"

"From experience I should say that a very good way to bring about a change in atmospheric conditions," remarked the older married man, "and one that is sure to bring results one way or the other, is to take a friend home to dinner when your wife isn't expecting company."—Philadelphia Times.

His Line.
A charming young member of a woman's literary club, who adds the distinction of being a bride to successful authorship, recently met a gushing stranger at a club reception.

"Oh, Mrs. Blank, I am so glad to meet you. I enjoy your stories so much, and your husband's too." Then adding as an afterthought, "He is literary, too, isn't he?"

"Thank heaven, no," replied the bride. "He's in the coal business."—New York Press.

Progressing.
"I think Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come in the room just when you did."

"What reason have you for believing that?"

"He had just taken both of my hands in his. He had never held more than one of them at a time before."

Harriman Told Him.
Harriman had an almost supernatural instinct for knowing what was going on and who was doing it in the mysteries of stock manipulation. Once when Southern Pacific had been going up fast, Harriman and various banking houses buying in concert, he called up on the telephone one of his private brokers. "Somebody is selling," he said. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well, hand the market 25,000 for me." Immediately he called up the head of a banking firm much interested in the market. "Who's selling Southern Pacific?" he asked. "I don't know; we haven't been able to find out," was the answer. "I'll tell you," snapped Harriman; "it's your house." And he cut off the connection before any reply to him could be made.—Exchange.

The Tough Kid.
Nabor—I saw the doctor at your house yesterday.

Subbuts—Yes; that boy of mine climbed up on the porch when he was told to, and—

Nabor—Ah, I see. He fell and broke his—

Subbuts—Not much! He's sound as a dollar. But my wife tried to whip him for it, and new she's a nervous and physical wreck.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Waterspouts.
A waterspout is a miniature tornado originating in a strong upward draft of air which occurs above the surface of a body of comparatively warm water. Its effect first becomes visible in a circular motion at the point in the clouds to which it ascends. This becomes a whirl, which condenses the vapor at its center, causing the portion of the cloud there to drop downward in the shape of a gigantic jelly lag. At the same time the continuing upward draft increases the rapidity of its original swirl and the condensed vapor caught within it until the ascending and descending masses join to form the waterspout. Necessarily by this process the air beneath the spout is rarefied, and thus where the phenomenon occurs at sea the water always seems to be sucked up into it, although this is not really the case to any considerable extent. For similar reasons where a waterspout or tornado passes over a building it does most of its damage by exhausting the air outside, causing what is within to expand and blow the structure to pieces.

The White Whale.
The white whale, or beluga, is an arctic cetacean and closely allied to the narwhal. It is pure white in color, twelve to eighteen feet long, whalelike in form, with a huge muzzle and numerous sharp conical teeth.

Ordinary speed by doubling its huge tail under its body and then striking out with it. Scientists who have studied it in its natural environs say that it is able to catch the swiftest of fishes, often pursuing its prey far up the northern rivers. It is gregarious and may be seen at times in herds of forty or fifty.

These herds not infrequently gambol around boats in the arctic seas, and the natives of Greenland often capture them with harpoons or nets. The flesh of the white whale, in fact, is a considerable source of food supply to them. From it also is derived one of the finest grades of commercial oil. The skins are tanned and the leather sold in the trade as "porpoise hide."—New York Times.

Sing a Song of Sixpence.
The London Globe attempts an explanation of the rhyme "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Here it is: "The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the sky. The opening of the pie is the dawn of the day, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. The king in his counting house counting out his money is the sun. The money the king is counting represents the golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the parlor, is the moon. The honey she is eating is the moonlight. The industrious maid who is working in the garden before the sun has risen is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are clouds. The bird that so tragically ends the song by nipping off her nose is the hour of sunset."

Traditions of Mother Shipton.
Of all British prophets Mother Shipton is beyond doubt the most celebrated. She was, in fact, all that a prophet and witch should be, in strange contrast to the serious and scientific nostradamus. The day she was born the sky became dark and gloomy and, according to her biographer, "beheld out nothing for an hour but dunes, thundering after a most hideous manner." Her personal appearance, described by her admiring biographer in 1602, is scarcely flattering: "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express fully in words or for the most ingenious to line her in colors, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that line have often attempted it, but without success."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Ups and Downs.
Not every statesman takes his dismissal with the humor of the Duc d'Angoulême, who fell into disgrace with Henry of Navarre. Descending one day the great staircase of the Louvre, he met Richelieu ascending it, and on the cardinal asking indifferently if there was anything new taking place D'Esperon replied, "Nothing, except that, as you see, I am going down and you are going up!" Mr. Bloomsdale Hurton tells the story in "The Fate of Henry of Navarre."

Advanced Fast.
"Mike, didn't you have some trouble when you landed at New York?"

"Dirt a bit, sir."

"You hadn't any password admitting you to the country, had you?"

"No, sir, but before I had been in the country ten days I had the grip."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Always Desirable.
"Shall we advertise for a man with experience?"

"Well, I don't know. The last man had so much experience that he couldn't teach him anything."—Pittsburg Post.

Warranted Not to Fail.
Doctor—Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else. Husband—But she won't go out. What am I to do? Doctor—Give her plenty of money to shop with.

Wide Hats in 1798.
An artist has advertised that he makes up wornout umbrellas into fashionable gypsy bonnets. This transition is so easy that he is scarce to be praised for the invention.—London Times, July 7, 1798.

Solid Goods.
"What became of that cake I baked for you?" demanded the fiancée.

"I sent it downtown to have my monogram engraved on it," replied the fiancée.—Kansas City Journal.

The Worst to Come.
"Do you think we have heard the worst of the discords in our party?"

"Not yet," replied the musical man.

"Just wait till our glee club gets to practicing."—Exchange.

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its warranty. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It settles the Stomach and Bowels, gives healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea, a Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Beards and Beliefs.

Why is it that there seems to be some vital connection between a man's beard and his belief? The late George Jacob Holyoake, in an article contributed to the Fortnightly Review of September, 1903, recalls the time—not so very long ago—"when only four men in Birmingham had the courage to wear beards. They were followers of Joanna Southcott. They did it in imitation of the apostles, and were jeered at in the streets by ignorant Christians." In the course of the same article Mr. Holyoake remarks that "George Frederick Muntz, one of the two first members elected in Birmingham, was the first member who ventured to wear a beard in the house of commons, and he would have been insulted had he not been a powerful man and carried a heavy maul over his shoulder, which he was known to apply to any one who offered him a personal affront."—London Standard.

The Mikado's Title.

The ruler of Japan really should be called ten-o, not mikado. The latter means "royal gate" and is a title somewhat similar to sublime potentate, which is used indifferently to mean the Turkish sultan, his government or the country itself. Ten-o means "heaven's highest," a title surpassing all the most grandiloquent European efforts. The original Japanese equivalent for ten-o is soumeimikoto, but the former is universally used, perhaps on account of its brevity.

No Reason to Worry.

"I once played the part of Venus in a pantomime," said the lady who showed her age and was beginning to have a mustache.

"Well, I wouldn't let it worry me," replied the one who was still full to look upon. "Venus was only a myth, so, of course, you didn't hurt her feelings."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Same Thing.

The Ex-widow—You can't say I ever ran after you, Percival. The Second Helping—Very true, Hypocrite. The trap never runs after the rat, but it gathers him in, all the same.—London Tatler.

SEEING THE FAR EAST.

It Should Be Viewed Through the Bible and "Arabian Nights."

The best books on the east, as every one knows, are the Bible and the "Arabian Nights," and yet I found most travelers were saturating themselves with snippery descriptions of monuments and places, with tabloids of history, with technical paragraphs on architecture and the ethnic religions, with figures about the height of this and the length of that or condensed statistics of exports and imports and the tonnage through the Suez canal and dates about the Pharaohs and the Mughals. No wonder they see nothing, know nothing, enjoy nothing and come home bringing a few expensives, adjectives and photographs which can be had for a small price in either New York or London.

The first thing to do in going to the east is to turn your education out on your desk so that you can get at the bottom of it, and there you will find the Bible and the "Arabian Nights" and the "Odyssey" and "Hind" and "Virgil" and you will realize what a fool you were not to have devoted more time to them when you were asked to do so. Guide books can get you to the east, but they do not get you inside. It is temperament, not trains, that counts.—Price Collier in Scribner's Magazine.

The Stage and Society.
Blobs—Society women are still going on the stage. Blobs—But the stage is overcrowded now. Blobs—So is society.—Philadelphia Record.

Happiness Is where we find it, rarely where we seek it.—J. Pettit Scott.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Change.
"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat."

"Yes, but he's rich now."

"Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

When a Great Man Dies.
There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the stable wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown.—From Hugo's Funeral Oration on Balzac.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1911.

NOTES.

EASTON—The following is of interest to Easton descendants. There are taken from a Morton's Memorial owned by Peter Easton son of the Nicholas and are on the margin of that book; now in possession of Mrs. Alfred Hazard, August 28, 1889.

"PETER EASTON'S DIARY."

"Return this book to Peter Easton, Gov. Peter Easton, 1689.

Plague 1618.

On this day in King St. Boston 22

lost at the London Coffee House a boy

to go to public vendue at the North

and to give notice there is William

Barker.

Thomas Campbell,

Where are the remember me and

send me home to Peter Easton, 1671,

July 21.

Peter Easton his book bought at

Boston for \$11 1689 Nov. 19.

At Roxbury 1631.

Peter Easton lived and then he died.

25 March 1684 we came aboard the

ship at Southampton to come for New

England, Peter Easton, John Easton

and their father.

14 May 1684 with two sons Peter and

John came ashore in New England.

This year 1684 the Eastons wintered

at Pawlov one whole winter and the

summer before past it.

The beginning we came to Newbury

1685.

On Saturday night forty years after

came such like storm blow down

our wind mill and did much harm

28 August 1675.

This year the Eastons went in 1686

the Spring to Newbury then called

Agawam and there builded and planted

the settling of that town lying on South

side of Merrimack river in New England.

In the beginning of this year Nicholas

Easton, John Easton, Peter Easton

went to Wintonnet, new harbour and

built there 1688.

At the beginning of this year 1683 the

Eastons left Newbury and went and

builded at Wintonnet now called

Hampton beyond Merrimack and this

was the beginning of the year March

but being put by our plauing by the

dissention in the county when Mr.

Yane was put out being gone went unto

Road Island in June and builded at

Portsmouth at the Cove and plaued

there this year 1688.

This day of, 1 m., 8 we came to New-

port.

In beginning of May this year the

Eastons came to Newport in Road

Island and builded the first English

building and planted there and coming

by boat they lodged at the Island called

Coasters Harbour and from

thence came to Newport the same day.

1640 This d., 3 m., 9 the Long Phila-

meat began.

1640 The King leaves London d., 9

m., 11.

1641 The King leaves London.

1642 d., 21 m., 2 the king reviled at

York by Rotum.

1642 d., 23 m., 2 this year was Eng-

lish light.

1643 d., 20 m., 7 this year was New-

bury light.

1644 d., 28 m., 8 Newbury second

light.

1644 d., 30 m., 10 Fairfax voted Gen-

eral.

1644 This year the 12 Nov. going,

Nicholas Easton was born at Newport

1644 d., 28 m., 8 This year Boston

in Old England was taken by storm.—

E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6823. WATSON—Who were the suc-

cessors of Eliza Watson, who married

Miriam—of South Kingstown, R. I.?

Who was Miriam—, and who were

her ancestors?—E. S.

6824. PAINE—William Paine, a mer-

chant, was one of the largest proprie-

tors of Waterdown Maw, in 1836? and

was admitted freeman May 16,

1840. His wife was Hannah—

What was her maiden name? They

had several children, Hannah, Judith

and Samuel. Whom did they marry?

Who was Stephen Paine, of Boston,

1837? Was he related to the above

William? What was the ancestry of

each?—W. D.

A new industry in accordance with

the provisions of the Payne-Ad-

rich law which permits the importa-

tion of certain lace-making machinery

free of duty, was started at Riverpoint

on Thursday by the Phoenix Lase

Company, which had imported the

necessary machinery from England.

About 100 operatives will be employed.

Office of the Town Clerk of New

Shoreham, R. I., March 24, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons

interested that an instrument in writing,

purporting to be the last will and testament

of NANCY A. HALL, late of New Shoreham,

deceased, has been presented for probate

and is ordered that notice thereof be

published for fourteen days, once a week,

at which time and place all persons

interested may appear, if they see fit, and

be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

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purporting to be the last will and testament

of NANCY A. HALL, late of New Shoreham,

deceased, has been presented for probate

and is ordered that notice thereof be

published for fourteen days, once a week,

at which time and place all persons

interested may appear, if they see fit, and

be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

Office of the Town Clerk of New

Shoreham, R. I., March 24, 1911.

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